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T I T L E P A G E

✓ TURN TO THE RIGHT

By: Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard ✓

Photoplay of 8 reels ✓

✓ Directed by Rex Ingram

Scenario by June Mathis and Mary O'Hara ✓

Author of Photoplay: Metro Pictures Corporation
U.S.A.

THE CAST

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Elsie Tillinger.....Alice Terry
 Joe Bascom.....Jack Mulhall
 Gillie.....Harry Myers
 Muggs.....George Cooper
 Deacon Tillinger.....Edward Connelly
 Mrs. Bascom.....Lydia Knott
 Betty Bascom.....Betty Allen
 Jessie Strong.....Margaret Loomis
 Sammy Martin.....William Blatcher
 Mr. Morgan.....Eric Mayne
 Lester Morgan.....Ray Ripley

Joe Bascom tingled with shame as he fled into the village street, pursued by Deacon Tillinger's rasping voice, crying "If I ever find you around here again, I'll horsewhip you. You young loafer. Don't you ever try to talk to my girl again. Don't try to see her."

The worst of the insult was its truth. Joe was a loafer. He had never recognized any responsibility toward his widowed mother and little sister. He had nothing to offer Elsie Tillinger except his love. Well, they were boy and girl yet. Joe decided to clear out of the village. He would come back for his boyhood sweetheart when his fortune was made. Without a word to anyone, he hopped a freight train and headed for New York.

His first job was at a race track. A few lucky bets and he had money to send home. He wrote from Sheepshead Bay, Baltimore, Saratoga and New Orleans, telling his mother he was going to church and working hard. But the ponies never yielded Joe the big roll that would permit him to return home in style. He kept on knowing luck was bound to change. And one week he had a run of it. Cleaning up \$2,000, he got a tip on a horse that would have to fall down to lose. The odds were thirty to one. Joe bet his \$2,000 and wrote his mother that he was coming home.

The horse fell down. Joe took a drink--and laughed. He kept on drinking and laughing until he lapsed. A policeman picked him up and found an empty pocketbook. The pocketbook belonged to a horse owner and had contained \$2,500 a few hours before.

Joe landed for a year in Sing Sing. The only relief from suffering there was the cheerful companionship of two humorously professional crooks, Muggs and Gilly; one an expert pickpocket, the other a skilled cracksmen. Their time was up before Joe's and they left him promising to keep straight. But when, on his release, he found them in an Ossining Pawnshop, they were planning "a big killing."

"I thought you were going to keep straight," Joe said. "Sure," said Muggs. "We ain't done a thing--except pinch a little change now and then--just to eat with. And we have to have a roll to go straight with, ain't we?"

Joe left them and started on a day's tramp to his home. Home was just a little farmhouse, but it had several acres of peach orchard about it and the peaches were as good as any in the country. Ma Bascom used to preserve those peaches, selling the preserves to Deacon Tillinger, who ran the village store. The preserves were delicious, but they did not bring in much money.

Fat little Sam Martin, who worked for the Deacon, was

TURN TO THE RIGHT

always after Ma Bascom to let him attend to the sale of the preserves. But Ma thought it wouldn't be right to go behind the Deacon's back that way, especially as she owed a lot of money--\$125--at the village store. Anyhow the Deacon had always sold her peach crop for her and never charged a penny for doing it. And now, this season, he was going to sell her farm for her and give her \$500, besides cancelling the bill of \$125.

"But don't trust the Deacon," Sammy urged. "He's close--closer than the next second. I know he's a pillow of the church and all that, but--"

But Ma trusted the Deacon and was ready to sign the farm away when Joe came home. Joe was welcomed as the traditional prodigal son. But he was troubled by the news that the Deacon was coming that night to claim the farm. And disheartened when he heard that Elsie Tillinger had become engaged to Lester Morgan, a millionaire's son.

The old Deacon had arranged the match. It was for Morgan and Elsie that he was buying the farm. Young Morgan had admitted being estranged from his father, but, as soon as he made good in business, he knew he would be reinstated as heir to the Morgan millions. So the Deacon was looking ahead to starting the young man in business.

Joe was determined to save the farm, but he was at his wit's end when Gilly and Muggs came in upon him. They had started for New York in a freight car and had been switched off to Joe's village. The smell of Ma Bascom's preserves had attracted them to the farmhouse. Ma Bascom took them to her heart as her boy's friends and made them share a big chicken dinner. Afterwards, she said, they could go to church with her.

"Go to church!" said Gilly. "Why I'd go to hell for that little lady." But they saw Joe worried about the \$125.00.

"Is there anybody in this town that's got \$125?" Muggs asked.

Chatting with Joe's sister, Betty, and her friend, Jessie Strong, Gilly and Muggs found that the Deacon had most of the ready money in the town, so they waited until he had shut up the store. Then Gilly, using his experience as a big town cracksman, found it an easy matter to break in and extract \$125 from the safe.

So, when the Deacon called that evening to close his deal for the property, Gilly handed the \$125 to Joe, and the store debt was paid. Muggs told the Deacon to get out. And when he did not get out fast enough, Muggs roughed him up and threw him from the porch.

"But, good Lord" Joe cried. "They'll find the \$125 missing in the morning."

"No, they won't," said Muggs, the pickpocket. "Gilly and I can put it back just as easy as we got it. What do you suppose I roughhoused him for? Here's your dough, Kid."

The money was returned, but the next day the Deacon was all over town telling of losing the \$125. He even suggested that Joe's friends had stolen it. But Joe's friends were becoming financiers on too large a scale to be worried about \$125. They had bought Ma Bascom's peachcrop--a purely fictitious purchase, made the night before in the Deacon's presence in order to convince him that Joe had other offers for his mother's property. Now they were out in the orchard with all the village youngsters plucking the peaches.

It was an eloquent gesture, but Joe, who was trying to sell the crop in other villages was making no progress. Peaches had glutted the market; he could hardly give them away. What he could sell, however, was Ma Bascom's peach preserves. Every one wanted them. So he decided to have the whole crop preserved.

Young Sammie Martin had been busy meanwhile with his scheme of selling for Ma Bascom and had connected with the biggest wholesale grocer in New York. He came to Muggs and Gilly with a proposition to sell all they could supply, on a commission basis. When they hesitated, he offered \$250 for the privilege, and a contract was duly drawn.

TURN TO THE RIGHT

Joe and Muggs divided the \$250 between them. They felt they were on top of the world when a New York detective happened along. Callahan knew "Slippery Muggs" and "Dynamite Gilly" of old and his suspicions were aroused. But, with the appearance of Ma Bascom, even he did not doubt they were trying to go straight--not until Deacon Tillinger came and accused them of taking his \$125.

The Deacon's daughter had been looking for him all morning in an effort to save Joe's friends. Elsie had never forgotten her love for Joe and his return had only served to rekindle it. But Joe thought the taint of his jail experience presented a barrier to a declaration on his part. He had made a clean breast of his whole experience to her--even to the theft of the \$125. And Elsie then resolved she would save Joe's friends by giving \$125 of her own to her father as his lost money.

She was coming to the Bascom farm, just as her father was accusing the two crooks in the detective's presence. The Deacon said Muggs assaulted him.

"I didn't" Muggs cried. "All I did was to push him out like this.

As Muggs illustrated the pushing, he neatly slipped his share of Sammy Martin's money--\$125--into the Deacon's vest pocket.

"Nix, Muggs," said Joe, stopping the roughing. "Mr. Tillinger lost that money last night. I found it on the porch this morning and here it is."

He handed the Deacon the money just as Elsie burst in holding out a roll of bills.

"Father" she cried. "I just found the money you lost--under the hall sofa."

As they were trying to clear the air, young Morgan happened along. The millionaire's son turned immediately on Joe. "That's the man," he said, "who robbed my father of \$2,500. He spent last year in--"

But Callahan interrupted him, showing his badge.

"Mr. Morgan, I want you," he said, "Your father sent me for you. He's found out who's been robbing him now. He knows--" "I know now," Joe screamed hysterically. "It was you--you who stole the money--you who had me sent away for a year--you--" But Ma Bascom held him off with her arms around him.

"I can tell you now, mother," said Joe, embracing her frantically. "I can tell you everything."

So Joe was cleared. And, with young Morgan removed, Deacon Tillinger no longer looked critically at Joe as a suitor for Elsie's hand. The new market found for Ma Bascom's preserves had turned peaches into gold and the Deacon admired any young man whose purse was well lined. He was even ready to forgive Muggs and Gilly for their theft of the \$125. He thought it "Pretty slick."

But Muggs and Gilly had made a definite turn to the right. They were finding not only that honesty paid in money but in happiness, and, with Joe getting married to Elsie Tillinger, they were successfully courting Betty and Jessie. They got the answer they hoped for on the night that Joe and Elsie returned from their honeymoon, when Sam Martin, now a prosperous preserve salesman, was giving a big dinner for the bride and groom.

Joe had build a home for Elsie on the hill, a home of which they had often dreamed. And Ma Bascom's happiness was complete, as late that night she saw her son and pretty daughter-in-law ride off to their new home. How kind old eyes followed the automobile by its headlights as it wound up the hill. She watched the house lighted up on the lower story. A moment later those lights were out. A new light shone from a room on the second story and the shades were pulled down.

TURN TO THE RIGHT

A Rex Ingram Production distributed by Metro Pictures Corporation adapted from John Golden's stage success by Winchell Smith and John E. Hazard. Scenario by June Mathis and Mary O'Hara. Photographed by John F. Seitz. Technical direction by A. J. Myers and Harold Grieve. Production manager, Starrett Ford.

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